eate his heart in the market place.

Bened. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bened. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweete Hero, she is wrongd, she is slaundred, shee is vndone.

Bened. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surely a princely testimonie, a goodly Counte, Counte Comfect, a sweete Gallant surely. O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend woulde be a man for my sake! But manhoode is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turnd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tels a lie, and swearcs it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bened. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

Beatrice Vse it for my loue some other way than swearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrongd Hero?

Beatrice Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bened. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so I leaue you: by this hand, Claudio shal render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so think of me: goe comforte your cosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.

Keeper Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton Which be the malefactors?

Andrew Mary that am I, and my partner.

Cowley Nay thats certaine, we haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton But which are the offenders? that are to be examined: let them come before maister constable.

Kemp Yea mary, let them come before mee, what is your name,